

Investigation of a Crowbar Variety

by yournewmanager

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Summary: When the Black Mesa facility is rebuilt after the events of Half-Life 2, Gordon must investigate the greatest mystery anyone has ever faced.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note: This story takes place from Gordon's perspective, and as always, give me sparkling reviews!

It was a sunny day at the newly rebuilt Black Mesa complex. Almost too sunny; you could bet something bad was going to happen. I was in the middle of an orgy, a bisexual orgy, one which had Kleiner, Alyx, Barney, Eli, and of course, myself. I had just finished lighting up a blunt and ramming it into Kleiner's ass, causing permanent damage to his colon; you can bet the love between us would allow him to recover, however. I felt like the luckiest mute morphine-addict in the world.

"Gordon, pass me the cigarettes, please." Alyx asked me, sucking out a rather nasty load from Barney's infested genitals.

"Sure, just give them back once you're done." I said. I was the world's luckiest not-mute morphine-addict. As I pondered what they were planning; I felt as if something was off. It was as if there was someone, or something, planning something terrible. Just then, the disco light shut off! This was the 80's; we had to go back in time to defeat the Combine once and for all.

"What the hell?" Alyx screamed, managing to make the situation worse by causing the disco light to shatter, raining shards of glass onto my perfect hair. I made a mental note to kill her father later.

"This is obviously the work of Breen, the filthy negro in sheep's clothing!" Screamed Barney, as our resident racist texan. Just then,

the lights powered back on. I then noticed one horrifying detail, my crowbar was gone!

This was bad. It was my family heirloom, passed down to me from my daddy Freeman, and to him, from his daddy, and so on. Who could commit such a travesty? I had to find out, using my investigative journalist abilities. I decided first to channel Phoenix Wright, in order to make this easier. Unfortunately, he was a fetus at this time, so I had to make do with my own abilities. I decided the best way to start was to question Alyx. Dames are always crazy like that.

"Alyx, did you steal my crowbar to use as a dildo?" I asked, not beating around the bush at all.

"No, I didn't." She responded. I decided she was right. Dames have that kind of power over us men. Continuing, Barney might have known.

"Barney, did you-" I was cut off by his screams of agony, as Alyx had buried the crowbar into his urethra! It was an erotic sight. Still, I had to do something, and took out my pistol, to shoot her in the vaginal cavity to end her reign of slaughter and violence once and for all.

"MON VISAGE QUAND MY DICK HAS BEEN SHOT," she screamed, revealing herself to be a Spy! He was a very attractive Spy, so I decided to take my cock out. Barney, Kleiner, and Eli soon followed. Barney still had a crowbar dick, but he was fine; the power of love could heal him.

We all took turns fucking the Spy, who was screaming in agony the entire time, being this odd thing called "normal". I fucked him in the microscopic holes in his nipples, tearing them open and causing delicious, juicy milk to pour out. I licked it all up and began ejaculating into the wounds. The morphine turned my cum into salty acid, which burned his ribs, revealing the lungs underneath. I decided to lick the blood on the lungs and my own cum, burning away my tongue but it felt very good. I also shat into the hole in his chest.

Meanwhile, Barney was kissing Eli on the anus while fucking the Spy's anus with his crowbar cock. It looked like Meatspin, because he spun right round baby right round like a record baby right round round the entire time. He also came the crowbar out into the Spynus, causing him to bleed a lot and the crowbar obstruction meant he couldn't even shit the massive torrents of bloody shit that would come with his inevitable death. It turned me on a lot.

Alyx, the real one, and Kleiner were the hottest. They were fucking eachother in the ass because Alyx is a hermaphrodite, and Kleiner is a cuntboy with two dicks. They also pissed into the Spy's eyes, causing a lot of damage.

By the end of this, the Spy resembled a hollowed out lemon cake, with some chocolate icing and strawberries in the middle. He looked edible, so we ate him.

And we all regained our orgy powers, I retrieved my crowbar, as shit spilled out of the Spy, and we all lived happily ever after. That is, until the Spy came back as a zombie...

Author's Note the Second: Tune in next time for chapter 2, where the Spy becomes a zombie and initiates the disco zombie apocalypse! Toodles!

2. Chapter 2

Author's Note: Hi cutes! It's the author again, telling you all that chapter 2 is finally here! Enjoy!

* * *

><p>The Spy was in a bad place at this specific moment in time, his loss of the anus shitting ability gave him cancer and he got depressed in hell. Suddenly, a Satan!<p>

"Hue hue! I am a Satan! Do you wish for anal again!" He screamed to the Spy, only causing the hearing to leave as well from the Spy's body. He now a constipated deaf rubber cock. But it's fine, he can use strap-ons.

"Sure why not," said Spy, who was currently pulling shit out of his overflowing mouth. It felt like eating dinner.

Gordon Freeman got off to incestuous fairies having anal sex inside a mans ear canal, it was a really good picture, you see. He was in the process now of cleaning up his room, covered in the most magnificently yellowish-white of skeet. Just then, as he did this, he felt something bite him on his penis... No... This cannot... NOO!

A sexual mosquito was bitten on his dick! It was drinking the glorious ejaculation and growing stronger! If Goradn don't kill it, will it take over world! YES! He must now kill it!

Taking a dildo bat from his gun cabinet, his slams it onto his dick in frottage feel! It wasn't effective, as the blood drinking motherfucking moth flew off and he instead broke his dick into two pieces! That will leave a mark! And also infertility!

Frustrated, but not out of the game, Gordon took a shotgun, noticing the mosquito attached now to his balls! It was drinking his future children, it haves not a damn fucking result of fairness or equality!

"Time to die, un-Objectivist parasite!" Gordon screamed, shooting his balls instead of the mosquito on the wall. It was a pretty fucking stupid mistake, he thought, to think dirt was a mosquito. Ayn Rand suddenly walked into the room, with an M60. Ah yes, the M60, with it's blah blah blah you know this shit already.

"_Fuck,_" Gordon thought, "_I'm a socialist, I might die here. Better play my cards right._"

Shooting the sexual mosquito and finally hitting it, he realised he would need to call an ambulance for his bugged, destroyed, and otherwise fucked-in-a-bad-way balls and dick. He knew Ayn Rand didn't care for other people seeking help, though, and he was out of ammo, so he need to think FASTLY!

"Ayn, I need to call a doctor," he said anyways, because he don't give no fuck yeah nigga he don't give no fuck swag swag SWAG.

Ayn suddenly opens her mouth, letting out an ear piercing war cry! Gordon was fucked now, but wait! DILDO BAT! He beats her off to death with it, because he frot her herm dick, and now she dead like Molestia. Gordon calls a doctor, nextly...

"Doc, I'm in pain! I broke my dick in half and shot my balls off trying to kill a mosquito!" Gordon yelled in a panicked voice.

"Oh, we get patients like that all the time, we'll send an ambulance over ASAP." The horny doctor said, fucking a dead nurse.

"Okay thanks." Gordon said. He injected morphines and waited...

Meanwhile, the Spy was back on our earth, he had his anus back and a new mission: revenge. His first target, Kleiner, in the hospital from when Gordon burned his colon with a cigarette.

Kleiner was masturbating to mosquitos biting people's dicks, because it was better than fairies in ear canals. He never knew how Gordon got such disgusting fetishes. Probably from his daddy Freeman, who was a known nigger lover.

Spy then busted in, and takes an Enforcer, the OP piece of ass, to Kleiners anus, shooting into it.

"Spy, what the fuck! I killed you, we all did!" Screamed Kleiner. He was really a woman, but we won't get into that story of love, betrayal, and loss... Today.

"You're going to hell so I can live, faggot! You're gonna buuuuuurn, alright!" The Spy said, taking on the form of a hermaphrodite to fuck Kleiners face until it exploded! And it did, but not before catching fire! Now that Kleiner is depressed in hell, the Spy, being a zombie, begins to go out and bite 70's dancers! Disco died... But now it is undead, along with the people of New Mexico!

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Tune in next week for Chapter 3, where the Spy begins to question his own morality and sexual capabilities are challenged!<p>

3. Chapter 3

Author's Note: Hi again! It me, author YourNewManager, presenting the final chapter of Investigation of a Crowbar Variety!

* * *

><p>Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Them is the noise of cock clock in Gordon Queerman's hospital room. Him dick was unable to be put back together, but he done got a new one made of plastic and dead animals. He look over to see old man in wheelchair, he is unable to quit with the fap to childrens so they toss him in asylum that Gordon in. After all, him burned a scientist rectum with cigar, so he isn't a sane

fucker.<p>

"My God, I am well and truly stuck with an old fapping faggot." He thought to himself with a mind thought. He lost brain from getting shot in head, but he can still think with butt brain since he is half-cockroach. Just then, disco zombie! It burst into room dancing to bad music. So Gordon shot cum in it's eyes, blinding it and making it unholy gay perverted so God took it's soul back. God bless God.

Gordon leaps out of bed! He lands on old fapping faggot's face and shits hard enough to decapitate him. Why? Because there was nothing better to do, do you always question Gordan Merman!?

Anyways, he jumps out of window, executing the jump of the ages to the Spy... And fails. He falls flat on cock, breaking it again. "Ow my depressed cock!" He screams! But he still moves on, world needs to be saved! By now you are asking, how does he know where Spy is? Well, it's simply, the shitting on old men's face is how he gets psychic abilities.

He takes map out, is good map! It show him where all disco zombie at, because is actually Pip-Boy. He cums on it because horny, but lucky in that Pip-Boy cumproof. He go through zombies and cuts cummy blood swathe through them all with penis of dead animal plastic!

Just then, Spy shows up! Taking his knife out, he prepares to shitfuck Gorden, since knife made of shit of virgins! Grody takes pride in his work, though, he prepares to counter offense! He pull out cockbar!

"Oh no!" Thinks Spyro, "Now I a fucking gay faggot fucked!" But... Oh no...

GORDEN HAVE AIDS! NOW WE ALL DEAD TO DISCO ZOMBIE! Groden keels onto asscheeks shitting parasitic nazi blood! He is unable to comprehend the fact he, a man well known for killing many alien and many Concubines, gets fucked by gay virus of 80's! So he prepares to die... But not before soul link with Spy!

Spy is now dead! Gorden dead too, though, but him gay so no one love. Alyx go on to become world famous German porno slut, becomes amazing fuck for children everywhere! Kleiner gets rotten in hell, because science ungodly. Breen become alive though, he fucks Barney in ass to make him preggers. Dog is also now reconstructed into giant dildo fuckmachine, used for sex purpose of impotent furry everywhere.

Gorden rots in hell, though, because cigar in anus sinful.

THE END

End
file.